THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

> Various;—that the mind
> Of desultory man, studious of change,
> And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
> COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, September* 19, 1807. [No. 12.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

THE FINE ARTS.

WE remark with great pleasure that the works of HOGARTH, whose pencil rivalled the pen of his friend Fielding, are now publishing in London, and are illustrated with *biographical anecdotes* and a *commentary* by Mr. Nichols, the celebrated editor of The Gentleman's Magazine, and the late George Steevens, Esq. This beautiful and genuine edition of the works of an artist, whose comick genius has surpassed the luckiest efforts of the Flemish school, will be compressed in two volumes royal quarto. The proprietors, in offering this new edition to that patronage which it so richly deserves, remark that it has long been a subject of regret among connoisseurs in the imitative arts, and the admirers of genuine humour, character, and genius, that the early and valuable impressions of Hogarth's productions are no longer to be procured but at a most immoderate expense. It must be admitted, indeed, that a variety of editions have from time to time been ushered into the world on reasonable terms; but they have either been miserably executed, or, from their diminutive size, have been unworthy of publick patronage. From the publication of his own large first impressions, to the introduction of miniature imitations, the intermediate editions have wanted those masterly touches of character, those inimitable *traits* of humour, which may better be conceived than described, and which that great artist only was capable of furnishing. Hence, some of the subjects which are still sanctioned with the name of Hogarth as the designer, are become flat, tame, and uninteresting; and instead of adorning the superb cabinets of Taste and Opulence, are hardly worthy of admission into the parlour of a common inn. To obviate these objections it is now propoposed to give a complete edition on a plan which will unite elegance with perspicuity and correctness; the letter-press of which shall be executed in a style worthy to accompany *one hundred and twenty plates* to be engraved by Mr. COOK in his best manner; in which the characters of Hogarth will be as distinctly delineated as in the original works of that great master; at the same time carefully avoiding the errours and absurdities which occasionally defaced the original plates, arising from the ignorance of the engravers to whom Hogarth was obliged to entrust his works. The acknowledged industry and experience of Mr. COOK in this department of engraving it is not doubted will give universal satisfaction to those who may honour the present undertaking with their patronage; especially when it is recol-

lected that a great part of his life has been employed on the works of this celebrated artist.

The Plates will be engraved from original Pictures when there is a possibility of obtaining them; when this is not the case, from proof impressions.

*** The Editor of this Journal has been favoured with a specimen of this masterly work by Mr. S. F. BRADFORD, Bookseller, who regularly imports the numbers as they appear and who supplies them upon reasonable terms. We should be blind to superlative merit if we did not strongly recommend this edition to the patronage of our men of wealth and taste. The Academy of the Fine Arts ought to have a copy of this work upon its table. It would amuse, and, by increasing the number of visitors, it would contribute to the emolument of the Institution.

For The Port Folio.

CRITICISM.

Of the Alcaick Ode described in our preceding number, another imitation, by Mr. Seward, was inserted in the European Magazine for 1791:

Oh, Genius of this hallow'd place,
(The seat of sanctity and grace),
Whatever name shall greet my ear,
Or holy, rev'rend, or severe,
(For, ah! no common pow'r pervades
These sacred streams, these antique glades)!
And sure we more conspicuous see
The presence of the Deity
In rocks abrupt, in foaming floods,
"In the meridian night of woods,"
Than if, on throne of iv'ry plac'd,
With gold and gems profusely grac'd,
In robe of Tyrian purple dress'd,
He Phidias' magick hand confess'd!
O, thus invok'd, propitious pow'r!
The rest of one, one short-liv'd hour
On thy poor suppliant here bestow,
A wand'rer through this wild of wo.
For ah! him cruel fate impels
To quit thy calm and peaceful cells,
Where Solitude and Silence reign,
With all the Virtues in their train,
(Where Contemplation, nymph serene!
With gentle step and placid mien,
With saints and confessors of old
High sacred converse seem to hold;
Where Piety, with upcast eyes,
Dissolv'd in holy ecstasies:
And scorning aught of this vile earth
That heav'n seeks that gave her birth;
Where Charity, above the rest,
E'en in the desert spreads a feast);
But ah! stern Fate, with ruthless force,
Impels him through life's rapid course,
Where his frail bark, by tempests tost,
May in the vast abyss be lost,
And, through the winds' and waters' roar,
Some pitying port in vain implore.

For the Latin verses of which the above are imitations, we have been content to leave our readers to refer to the common editions of the poems of the authour; but we insert as a *relique* those on the marriage of his Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales, which, besides that the early and scarce production of a great poet, have been thought by the writer of a Fragment of an Ode on the Death of Mr. Gray, of a cast very superiour to the usual poems of Universities, where, he tells us, now, in regard to such matters,

—— Mute Dulness reigns:
Your echoes waft no more the friendly theme;
* * *
But when some publick cause
Claims festive song, or more melodious tear,
Discordant murmurs grate mine ear:
Ne'er modell'd by Pierian laws,
Then idly glares full many a motley toy,
Anacreontick grief, and *creeping strains of joy*.

Ignaræ nostrûm mentes, et inertia corda,
Dum curas regum, et sortem miseramur iniquam,
Quæ solum affixit, vetuitque calescere flammâ
Dulci, quæ dono divum, gratissima serpit
Viscera per, mollesque animis lene implicat ætus;
Nec teneros sensus, Veneris nec præmia nôrunt,
Eloquiumve oculi, aut facunda silentiæ linguæ:

Scilicet ignorant lacrymas sævosque dolores,
Dura rudimento, et violentiæ exordia flammæ;
Scilicet ignorant, quæ flumine tinxit amaro
Tela Venus, cæcique armamentaria Divi,
Irasque, insidiasque, et tacitum subpectora vulnus;
Namque sub ingressu, primoque in limine Amoris
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia curæ;
Intus habent dulces Risus, et Gratiæ sedem,
Et roseis resupina toris, roseo ore Voluptas:
Regibus huc faciles aditus; communia spernunt
Ostia, jamque expers duris custodibus istis

Panditur accessus, penetraliaque intima templi.

Tuque, oh! Angliacis, princeps, spes optima regnis,
Ne tantum, ne fuge metum; quid imagine captus
Hæres, et meritem pictura pascis inani?
Umbram miraris, nec longum tempus, et ipsa
Ibit in amplexus, thalamosque ornabit ovantes.
Ille tamen tabulis inhians longum haurit amorem,
Affatu fruitur tacito, auscultatque tacentem
Inmemor artificis calami, risumque; ruboremque
Aspicit in fucis, pictæque in virginis ore:
Tanta Venus potuit; tantus tenet error amantes.

Nascere magna dies, qua sese Augusta Britanno
Committat Pelago, patriamque relinquat amœnam;
Cujus in adventum jam nunc tria regna secundos
Attolli in plausus, dulcique accensa furore
Incipiunt agitare modos, et carmina dicunt:
Ipse animo sed enim juvenis comitatur euntem
Explorat ventos, atque auribus aëra captat,
Atque auras, atque astra vocat crudelia; pectus
Intentum exultat, surgitque arrecta cupido;
Incusat spes ægra fretum, solitoque videtur
Latior effundi pontus, fructusque morantes.

Nascere, Lux major, qua sese Augusta Britanno
Committat juveni totam, propriamque dicabit;
At cituis (precor) oh! cedas melioribus astris;
Nox finem pompæ, finemque imponere curis
Possit, et in thalamos furtim deducere nuptam;
Sufficiat requiemque viris, et amantibus umbras
Adsit Hymen, et subridens cum matre Cupido
Accedant, stematque toros, ignemque ministrent;
Illicit haud pictæ incandescit imaginæ formæ
Ulterius juvenis, verumque agnoscit amorem.

Sculptile sicut ebur, faciemque arsisse venustam
Pygmaliona canunt; ante hanc suspiria ducit,
Alloquiturque amens, flammamque et vulnera narrat;
Implorata Venus jussit cum vivere signum,
Fœminæam inspirans; quæ gaudia surgunt,
Audiit ut primæ nascentia murmura linguæ
Luctari in vitam, et paulatim voluere ocellos
Sedulus, aspexitque novâ splendescere flammâ;
Corripit amplexu vivam, jamque oscula jungit
Acria confestim, recipitque rapitque; prioris
Immemor ardoris, nymphæque oblitus eburnæ.

THO. GRAY, Pet. Coll.

For The Port Folio.

ON THE OLYMPICK GAMES, &c.

From an Original Work, entitled, "Memoirs of Anacreon, Translated from the Greek of Critias of Athens, by Charles Sedley, Esq."

CHAP. —.

Origin of the Olympick Games—Iphitus, Clymenus, Iolaus, the Charioteer of Hercules—Oracles of Delphi consulted—Iphitus and Lycurgus, the Spartan, summon the Greeks to meet in Elis—Importance of the Games—Sketch of Part of the Ceremonies. Chariot and Foot Races. Sophists, Musicians, Poets, Painters, &c. resort to Olympia. Dispute between two Rhapsodists on the Merits of Homer. Reflections on the Character of the Strolling Bards. Translation of Homer's Hymn to Latona, &c.—Poets derive their powers from inspiration. Griphical Amusements, or Conundrums. Epic and Amatory Poets. Ode on the Power of Beauty—A Vision and Ode on Cupid being imprisoned.

About this time all Greece was in agitation at the approach of the periodical celebration of the Olympick Games. These festivals, the origin of which seem to defy all investigation, are said to have been invented by Iphitus. But it is certain that they were in use much earlier than his time. It is said that Clymenus, a descendant of the Idæn Hercules, instituted them in Olympia, fifty years after the deluge of Deucalion. He was deprived of his kingdom and his honours by the rude usurpation of Endymion, and the Games were, for a time, discontinued. After an interval of nearly a century, they were reestablished by Amythaon, the son of Cretheus, who had expelled the sons of Pelops.

It is also well known, from the legends of tradition, that at one of the

estivals, Iolaus, the famous charioteer f Hercules, was crowned by him for is skill in the chariot race, and that osius Archas was successful at the ame time in the race of the single orses. Hercules himself did not isdain to engage in the feats of wrest- ing and in the Pancratium, and he vas victorious in each of these exer- ises.

But it is, perhaps, owing to the slight estimation in which they were held for a long time, and to a tempo- ary discontinuance, that the sole ho- our of their establishment has been usually ascribed to Iphitus, who merely revived them with uncommon grandeur and dignity. The celebra- ion had been neglected for many ears, when Iphitus, who had obtained he province of Eleia, in the division of the Peninsula, being anxious to avert the storm that was impending over his little domains, sought the ad- vice of the Oracle at Delphi. The Pythia replied that the gods were offended at the long neglect of the festivals, anciently celebrated at Olym- pia, on the banks of the meandering Alpheus, which had been particularly grateful to them.* Iphitus next con- sulted with Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver, on the most proper means of putting the recommendation of the Oracle in execution; and a plan was devised for renewing and perpetuating the ceremony thus dictated by the au- thority of the gods themselves. He- ralds were immediately despatched to the different States of Greece, and although most of them were engaged in quelling internal commotions, or repelling foreign incursions, they yet agreed upon a general truce, and all their heroes hastened to the place ap- pointed by the invitation of the son of Oxylus. The spot which he selected was worthy of the magnitude and im- portance of the occasion. It was amid the mountains of Olympus whose lof- y tops defied the gaze of the most ar- dent eye and seemed to mock the ef- forts of the most indefatigable perse- verance. Indeed, it was believed in those days that Jupiter sometimes as- sembled his counsels on one of the highest summits,† and many of the divinities and the terrestrial gods who are intermediates between the inhabi- tants of Heaven and Earth, had selec- ted the romantick foldings of these mountains for their abode or their wor- ship.‡ There they were protected from the rude pelting of the storm and their fancy was delighted by the variegated appearance of venerable trees and fragrant flowers; they were lulled by the gentle murmuring of the rivulet or roused by the impetuous torrent of the descending cataract.

After the death of Iphitus they were again discontinued until the age of Coræbus, who revived them with such splendour that they have ever since been regularly celebrated.

Every Grecian is sensible of the advantages which his country has de- rived from this excellent institution. The preparatory discipline to which the youth must submit who are ambi- tious of the wreath of honour, inures the body to hardship, and the gene- rous emulation that prevails expands the soul.‖ By these means a noble band of youth is trained to become the ornament and protection of the country. When the clarion of war resounds through the States, they are alert to display the boldest deeds of valour, or in the Agora their comman- ding eloquence persuades the pas- sions and stills the tumults of the mul- titude.

But these are not the only benefits that result from the Olympick Games. Our country is divided into many States which differ in their internal policy, their dialects, and customs. When threatened with invasion it is necessary that all should unite in the

* Phlegon apud Eusebius.

† Hom. Il. xix, v. 40. Od. vi. v. 42.

‡ Κατα πτυχας Ολυμποιο.
Along the foldings of Olympus. Phlegon.

‖The youth who strives the Olympick prize to gain
All arts must try and every toil sustain.
HOR.

common defence. As it was a festival which every Grecian considered it a duty to attend, men from the most remote quarters were assembled at Elis every fourth year: and the united worship of a common Divinity was of admirable effect in producing a harmony of disposition and similarity of manners. Men of knowledge imparted to each other the result of their researches, and soldiers organized systems of defence against the hour of peril. The weak solicited and obtained the protection of the strong and the emulation of the young was stimulated and cherished by the renown of the aged.

Pisistratus, having been apprized that many famous men were to be present at the Games which were now to be held at Elis, had spared no exertion to make his preparations excel the most magnificent that had hitherto been witnessed. Nor was he disappointed. Perhaps there never was such a galaxy of genius assembled in one city, and the splendour of the dresses and decorations would have vied with the richness of the Persian Court. The Games, which commenced on the eleventh day of the month Hecatombæon, lasted five days. The last day is appropriated to the distribution of the laurels, the well-earned rewards of ingenuity, perseverance, and valour.

To an inquisitive mind, fond of contemplating the various pursuits and dispositions of man, this scene exhibits a prospect where he may be fully gratified. All the anxiety of hope and the pride of success, the timidity of fear and the boldness of confidence, are to be seen in the different competitors.

At the moment we arrived, the charioteers were prepared for the eager contest. A number of chariots with four horses abreast in each, were seen in regular array. The generous animals, by the fire which shot from their eyes, their widely extended nostrils, and a violent pawing of the earth, seemed to sympathize in the ardour and impatience of their masters. The long-expected signal was at length given, and in an instant the light was almost obscured by the dust which arose from the feet of the coursers and the evolutions of the wheels. At intervals the clouds were dispersed, and we saw the streamers of the charioteers cleaving the air. Not a whisper is heard from the multitude, but the air resounds with the hissing of the burning wheels, the cracking of whips, and the animating cries of the competitors. At one moment all the chariots appear but as one compact body; the rival steeds bend their heads low to the earth as if to catch new vigour; the drivers, wound up to the highest tone of emulation, can no longer retain their giddy seats; they rise upon their feet and are poised by the well-pressed bit. Lo! the phalanx is broken. The nimble steeds of Philothos of Mitylene, by a sudden leap have extricated their wheels from the line, and their heads are seen before those of their neighbours. But the victory is of short duration. The youthful Nomantor of Téos encourages his steeds by reproachful cries. At his well-known voice the car is borne on the chaffed bit, and they dash forward with foaming mouths and snorting nostrils by the side of the milk-white steeds of Philothos. Already the goal is within their leap when the wheels of the Téian car burst from their scorching axle. The unfortunate charioteer is thrown over the beam and dragged through the dust. His horses, regardless of the fate of their master, press on the beaten course. But in vain! Their rivals exulting in this disaster, redouble their speed; and a glittering helmet and the loud plaudits of the multitude soon reward the hopes of the hero of Mitylene.

While we were examining the various countenances of the unsuccessful candidates, the cheering sounds of musick summoned us to another ground where fresh honours awaited triumph and new mortifications were prepared for defeat.

Fifty foot racers were seen arrayed in short garments and a flowing mantle thrown lightly over their shoul-

ders. They were regularly arranged at the foot of the vestibule of the temple, and they testified by the angry glances which they threw upon each other, their impatience for the contest and the eagerness of their hopes. At length the signal so wished and so dreaded, is given: the mantle is thrown off, and their well-formed limbs are displayed. For some time the speed of all is nearly equal: but at length two seem to outstrip the others, and victory for many minutes hangs dubious between them. As neither can pass the other by the swiftness of his steps, they are obliged to resort to those innocent expedients which are sanctioned by the laws of the Pancratium. One endeavours to trip his rival, who retaliates by striving to push him aside. Thus the contest is continued doubtful until one of Chios, who from his nimbleness was surnamed Achilles, gets the start. Then the shouts of the people animate and encourage his rapid steps. He presses on, alert and vigorous, until he arrives at the spot where the olive-branch awaits his arrival. The Judges decree the dearly-earned honour, and the approving acclamations of the surrounding multitude sanction the decision. The unfortunate candidates retire in confusion from the tumultuous scene to conceal the mortification that shadows their brows, and to wash off the sweat and dust that covers their exhausted limbs.

(*To be continued.*)

HOURS OF LEISURE.

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.

(*Continued from page* 169.)

"*Attaca wears the lock of a bear.*"

PERUVIAN TALES.

In the very entertaining and instructive volumes, called "The Peruvian Tales," is a story of the beautiful Attaca; which, for the excellent moral it contains, and its analogy to the subject of this Essay, I shall briefly relate to my readers.

The fair and unfortunate Attaca was the daughter of a magician, named Capallu; her beauty was so transcendent, that it engaged numerous admirers: among whom was the son of a potent enchanter, who was not more successful than his rivals, but who, stung with disappointment, determined to obtain the completion of his wishes by force. Accident favoured his designs; for one day he happened to discover the lovely Attaca asleep, and by the power of his enchantments, he enwrapped her senses in slumber until he had fulfilled his villainous intentions. Attaca, when she awoke, was sensible of her dishonour; and catching up her bow and arrows, immediately pursued the ravisher, who had fled to a considerable distance, but in vain, for the injured Attaca, by means of an arrow from her bow, arrested him in his flight, and brought him breathless to the ground. The dying groans of the young criminal reached the ears of his father, the potent and malicious Mauli, who made use of the power of his art to revenge the death of his son, and by means of a magick incantation transformed the beautiful person of the lovely Attaca into that of a shaggy bear; and which transformation was to continue until a man descended from the race of the prophets should become enamoured of her in that shape; and which event afterward arrived, through the circumstance of a young prince, named Houac, having been left alone in the woods, and who became indebted to her for his life. The spell was now at an end, but a cruel difficulty remained; for though the magician relented, at the solicitations of the prince Houac, he could not from the nature of the enchantment, restore her to her original form and beauty without leaving some mark upon her of disgrace; but, that it might be effectually concealed, he left a lock of a bear upon her head, among the beautiful tresses of her own hair. For a time the lovers remained in a state of uninterrupted felicity, until the wife of the magician, who hated the unfortunate Attaca, contrived to get the secret from her husband under a promise not to divulge it: but that injunction was useless; for she instantly exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by all those who were near her, "exquisite Attaca wears the lock of a bear." The unhappy Attaca, unable to bear the calumnies that were spread against her, fled, with her beloved Houac, to a retired spot far off in the country, where they enjoyed, for a time, the sweetest tranquillity; till one day, being seated under a tree, to their astonishment they heard the same hateful words repeated, "Attaca wears the lock of a bear!" They looked about them with surprise, but saw no creature near: till at length they discovered that the sound proceeded from a parrot seated on one of the branches of the tree above them. The injured Attaca again made use of her bow, and shot the feathered babbler through the body. But how great was their amazement when they beheld the branches of the tree immediately covered with innu-

merable birds, of different kinds, all of whom repeated the same words, "Attaca wears the lock of a bear!" The distressed Attaca fainted away at these insolent reproaches, which her enemy, the wife of the magician had taught even the birds to propagate, and which now laid her open to the contempt of her companions, who treated her with the most mortifying raillery, and which she endured until she fell a victim to the cruelty of her enemies, by an arrow shot from the bow of one of her calumniators.

Poor Attaca! how just a lesson may thy story convey to the world, who sport with the errours of the unfortunate, who publish, like the talking birds, the infirmities of their neighbours, and who let fly the poisoned arrows of reproach till they destroy.

How many an Attaca is there at this hour, who flies from place to place, pursued by the whispers of scandal and ill-deserved severity. Methinks I see the wife of the Enchanter in the habit of some antiquated prude, and the birds transformed into the babbling visitants of a fashionable rout, crying out together in one tone, "Attaca wears the lock of a bear!"

The learned Judge who defined truth to be a libel, was well acquainted with the human character, and therefore would not permit the wounded breast to be exposed to the merciless assassin of reputation, who knew too well where to stab.

A good character might properly be called one of the most valuable acquisitions that man could be capable of enjoying, were it not for the precariousness of the tenure, and the difficulty of proving that we have a good title to it.

A good character is not so often obtained by good actions and upright intentions, as from accidental circumstances, which place a man in an advantageous position, frequently above his deserts and beyond his expectations. Thus one who pays his debts, for his personal convenience only, is said to be honest; the General who obtains a victory by mere chance, is called a great officer; and many, from ostentatious gifts and promises, are pronounced to be extremely generous; though, when unmasked, fraud would be conspicuous in the character of the first, ignorance in the second, and the meanest parsimony in the last. The world, who is but a poor logician, bestows a bad or good character according to the report it receives. It is too indolent to inquire into facts, and frequently too censorious to show a willingness to become acquainted with them.

The game of life has a number of tricks in it; and we must deal a great many times to understand it thoroughly; it would make strange confusion if we were to know each other's hands.

Tom Touchem was one of these people who had a bad opinion of the world, because it entertained no very good opinion of him: he was without principle, extravagant, and careless; yet Tom once had a good character: it was upon an occasion where he gave references to his friends, being candidate for a lucrative situation. All of them spoke of him in the highest terms of panegyrick; Tom was honest, industrious, and clever. The fact was, he owed them all money, and the only way to get themselves paid was to get Tom into place.

It is no very easy matter to know the real character of the man puffed up with good fortune. Wealth and prosperity give him an air which the French call *l'imposant;* he passes through every gate, the crowd make way for him with respect, and he has enough to do to return the bows that are made him: it is vanity that causes such a man to act with propriety. Disappointment and ill-fortune, on the other side, impoverish, by degrees, the natural nobleness of the mind, and enfeeble virtue, till the man sinks into baseness: when, finding he can no longer support the character he admires, and actually deserves, he gives up the attempt altogether, and his actions, from that moment, begin to be consistent with the part the World has *allotted* him; they will no longer allow him respect or esteem, and he begins to be careless of both; they level him with the brutes, and he commences a beast of prey; they have exposed the lock of the bear, and he presents its claws. Happy is the man who, through the vicissitudes of life, has fortitude to abide by those certain fixed principles of truth, which outlive prejudice, triumph over circumstances, and ultimately conquer the calumnies of his enemies.

But there are in the world a set of men who are well matched for the contest; who use, in their intercourse with it, a kind of varnish, which brings the portrait of their characters forward to advantage, and which, by its lustre, conceals the defects. Such are frequently taken for originals, though they are mostly vile copies of honour and honesty.

Another set of men are those who laugh off their vices and errours, and, by a well-timed jest, turn aside the censure that might have fallen on their conduct. These are among the most successful, and always men of the world.

Of the last number was Dick Brilliant, who once, having occasion for a sum of money, applied to a person with whom he had but a slight acquaintance to lend it him, but who took the precaution to inquire into his character, and found it to be a bad one. On their next interview, Dick's friend began to make excuses for withholding his supply. "I have heard," said he, "Mr. Brilliant, some very unpleasant things of your character; and I am extremely sorry"—"Sorry! for what?"—"That I must refuse you the money."—"Is that all?" cried Dick. "My

dear fellow, don't be unhappy; you ought to be very glad that you will keep it in your pocket."

A celebrated wit, of the present day, having heard from a gentleman at table the quotation from Pope "An honest man's the noblest work of God;" made answer, "yes, that may possibly be true, but it is a piece of workmanship that nobody ever saw *complete*."

The best way to have a man act respectably, is to make him believe that he is already respectable. This maxim will suit all ranks and professions. To make your servant trusty and faithful, cause him to believe that you already consider him so. To cause your lawyer to act with punctuality and honour, endow him with both those qualifications; and to make your wife constant, persuade her that you have the highest opinion of her love and constancy. Vanity does a great deal to make people good.

After all, I believe the truth is, that there are lights and shades in every character; and if all were examined at the bar of rigid justice, few would be found who did not carry about them the lock of the bear!

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

—

The seven qualifications which every man would wish to find in a wife are, beauty, discretion, sweetness of temper, a spritely wit, fertility, wealth, and noble extraction.

—

Cervantes somewhere makes a cunning chambermaid say that a lover should be distinguished for the four S's. He should be sightly, spritely, sincere, and *secret*.

—

The following is a Rhetorical description of an indefatigable traveller:

He had been in higher latitudes north and south than is incident to the most adventurous of mortals. He had conversed with nations who live many degrees beyond the frozen Laplander, and he had travelled among all the barbarians who scorch beneath the burning zone.

—

SONG—*by Sir John Suckling.*

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her:
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The devil take her!

—

Of Mayerne, the celebrated physician, who had the distinguished honour of being employed by no less than four of the British Princes, it is said he had this singularity, that he kept no regular meals, but had his table constantly covered, so that he could eat whenever he found himself disposed.

—

In a famous book, written by the above physician, there occur certain formulæ which serve to show the superstition, in Physick, so low as the time of Charles I. He describes a gout powder, one of the ingredients of which is *rasptings of a human skull unburied*. Moreover, there is a recipe, in the same book, of an unguent for hypochondriacal persons, which he calls his *balsam of bats*. In the composition of this enter bats, adders, sucking whelps, earth worms, hogs' grease, the marrow of a stag and of the thigh bone of an ox: ingredients fitter for the witches' cauldron in Macbeth, than a learned physician's prescription.

—

Men of various ideas and fluent conversation are commonly welcome to

those whose thoughts have been long fixed on a single point, and who find the images of other things stealing away.

—

The *frivolous* part of female society is well described somewhere in Johnson's writings: "Their diversions are only childish play, by which a mind accustomed to stronger operations could not be kept busy. They run from room to room, as a bird hops from wire to wire in his cage. They dance for the sake of motion, as lambs frisk in a pasture. No satisfaction is to be hoped from their conversation, for of what can they talk? They have seen nothing, for they have lived from early youth in a narrow spot, of what they had not seen they could have no knowledge, for they never read. In short they have no idea but of the objects that are within their view, and have hardly names for any thing but their clothes and their food.

—

As the young enamour'd vine
Round her elm delights to twine,
As the clasping ivy throws
Round her oak her wanton boughs,
So close, expanding all thy charms,
Fold me, my Chloris, in thy arms!
Closer, my Chloris, could it be,
Would my fond arms encircle thee.

In vain shall Nature call for sleep,
We'll Love's eternal vigils keep:
Thus, thus forever let us lie,
Dissolving in excess of joy,
Till fate shall with a single dart
Transfix the pair it cannot part.

Thus join'd we'll fleet like Venus' doves,
And seek the blest Elesian groves;
Where Spring in rosy triumph reigns
Perpetual o'er the joyous plains:
There lovers of heroick name
Revive their long extinguished flame,
And o'er the fragrant vale advance
In shining pomp to form the dance.
Or sing of love and gay desire,
Responsive to the warbling lyre;
Reclining soft in blissful bowers
Purpled sweet with springing flowers,
And covered with a silken shade,
Of laurel mix'd with myrtle made:
Where flaunting in immortal bloom,
The musk-rose scents the verdant gloom:
Through which the whispering zephyrs fly,
Softer than a virgin's sigh.

Disorders of the intellect happen much more often than superficial observers will easily believe. Perhaps, if we speak with rigorous exactness, no human mind is always in its right state. There is no man whose imagination does not sometimes predominate over his reason, who can regulate his attention wholly by his will, and whose ideas come and go at his command. No man will be found in whose mind airy notions do not tyrannize and force him to hope or fear beyond the limits of sober probability. All power of Fancy over Reason is a degree of insanity; but while this power is such as we can control and repress, it is not visible to others, nor considered as any deprivation of the mental faculties: it is not pronounced madness but when it becomes ungovernable and apparently influences speech or action.

To indulge the power of fiction and send imagination out upon the wing is often the sport of those who delight too much in silent speculation. When we are alone we are not always busy; the labour of cogitation is too violent to last long; the ardour of inquiry will sometimes give way to idleness or satiety. He who has nothing external to divert him, must find pleasure in his own thoughts, and must conceive himself what he is not; *for who is pleased with what he is?* He then expatiates in boundless futurity, and culls from all imaginable conditions that which for the present moment he should most desire, amuses his desires with impossible enjoyments, and confers upon his pride unattainable dominion. The mind dances from scene to scene, unites all pleasures in all combinations, and riots in delights which Nature and Fortune with all their beauty cannot bestow.

In time, some particular train of ideas fixes the attention, all other intellectual gratifications are rejected, the mind in weariness or leisure recurs constantly to the favourite conception and feasts on the luscious falsehood whenever she is offended with the bitterness of truth. By degrees the reign of Fancy is confirmed

she grows first imperious, and in time despotick. Then fictions begin to operate as realities, false opinions fasten upon the mind, and life passes in dreams of anguish or of rapture.

—

The greatest pain I can suffer, says the modest Addison, is the being talked to, and stared at. It is believed, that most men of talents, combined with excessive sensibility, feel this sort of anguish when exposed to the gaze of multitudes. I once knew a sensitive man of this class, whose face was crimson, and whose heart was a trembler, whenever he walked up the aisle of a crowded church, or was obliged to cross the Exchange *when merchants most do congregate.*

—

ANACREONTICK.

As a garland once I wove,
I found, amid the roses, Love;
Fast by the wings the rogue I caught,
And drench'd him in a copious draught,
Heedless wretch! I took the cup,
And drank it to the bottom up.
Still I feel his tingling dart,
Still he flutters at my heart.

—

Pope has been severely blamed for his characters of women. It is a singular circumstance that Lady Montague has described her own sex with equal asperity. Whether the following remarks be just or not we submit to the judgment of the *reasonable* ladies.

My knight-errantry is at an end, and I believe I shall henceforward think freeing of galley-slaves and knocking down windmills more laudable undertakings than the *defence of any woman's reputation whatever*. To say truth, I have never had any great esteem for the generality of the fair sex; and my only consolation for being of that gender has been the assurance it gave me of never being married to any one among them. Men generally agree in the reflection that nothing hinders women from playing the fool, but *not having it in their power*. The *many instances* that are to be found to support this opinion, ought to make the *few* reasonable more valued—but *where are the reasonable ladies?*

—

The Abbe Bellegarde gives a right reason for women's talking overmuch, that *they know nothing*, and every outward object strikes their imagination, and produces a multitude of thoughts which, if *they knew more*, they would know not worth their thinking of.

I do not doubt that God and Nature have thrown us into an *inferiour rank*; we are *a lower part* of the creation; we owe *obedience and submission* to the *superiour sex*, and any woman, who suffers her vanity and folly to deny this, rebels against the law of the Creator and indisputable order of nature.

—

In the whole range of Romance writing what is expressed with more ease, more grace, and more simplicity, than the following passage in Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, where the unfortunate parent is described as journeying home with the seduced Olivia.

The next morning I took my daughter behind me, and set out on my return home. As we travelled along, I strove by every persuasion to calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution to bear the presence of her offended mother. I took every opportunity, from the prospect of a fine country through which we passed, to observe how much kinder Heaven was to us than we to each other; and that the misfortunes of Nature's making were very few. I assured her that she should never perceive any change in my affections; and that during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and instructor. I armed her against the censure of the world; showed her that books were sweet unreproaching companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

—

Lady Montague is justly famous for the ease and grace of her epistolary style. Her

first series of letters descriptive of her adventures in Turkey are sufficiently known to every polite reader. But her subsequent epistles lately published by Mr. Dallawy are not familiar in America. The avidity with which she perused the novels of Fielding, will please the admirers of that admirable genius.

I have at length received the box with the books enclosed, for which I give you many thanks as they amused me very much. I gave a very ridiculous proof of it, fitter indeed for my grandaughter than myself. I returned from a party on horseback; and after having rode twenty miles, part of it by moonshine, it was ten at night when I found the box arrived. I could not deny myself the pleasure of opening it; and falling upon Fielding's Works was fool enough to sit up all night reading. I think Joseph Andrews better than his Foundling.

Her opinion of another eminent novelist is expressed more at length:

I began by your direction with Peregrine Pickle. I think Lady Vane's Memoirs contain more truth and less malice than any I ever read in my life. When she speaks of being disinterested, I am apt to believe she really thinks herself so, as many highwaymen, after having no possibility of retrieving the character of honesty, please themselves with that of being generous, because whatever they get on the road they always spend at the next alehouse, and are still as beggarly as ever. Her history, rightly considered, would be more instructive to young women than any sermon I know. They may see there what mortifications and variety of misery are the unavoidable consequences of gallantry. I think there is no rational creature that would not prefer the life of the strictest Carmelite to the round of hurry and misfortunes she has gone through. Her style is clear and concise with some strokes of humour which appear to me so much above her, I cannot help being of opinion the whole has been modelled by the authour of the book in which it is inserted, who is some subaltern admirer of hers. I may judge wrong, she being no acquaintance of mine, though she has married two of my relations. Her first wedding was attended with circumstances that made me think visit not at all necessary, though I disobliged Lady Susan by neglecting it; and her second, which happened soon after, made her so near a neighbour, that I rather chose to stay the whole summer in town than partake of the balls and parties of pleasure to which I did not think it proper to introduce you; and had no other way of avoiding it, without incurring the censure of a most unnatural mother for denying you diversions that the pious Lady Ferrers permitted to her exemplary daughters. Mr. Shirley has had uncommon fortune in making the conquest of two such extraordinary ladies, equal in their heroick contempt of shame, and eminent above their sex, the one for beauty and the other wealth, both which attract the pursuit of all mankind, and have been thrown into his arms with the same unlimited fondness. He appeared to me gentle, well bred, well shaped, and sensible; but the charms of his face and eyes which Lady Vane describes with so much warmth, were, I confess, always invisible to me; and the artificial part of his character very glaring, which I think her story shows in a strong light.

—

THE INCONSTANT.

My dear mistress has a heart
  Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless art
  And her eyes she did enslave me:

But her constancy's so weak,
  She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
  Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
  Killing pleasures, wounding blisses:
She can dress her eyes in love,
  And her lips can warm with kisses:

Angels listen while she speaks,
  She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
  Should we live one day asunder.

Labour is a commodity, and as such, an article of trade. If I am right in this notion, then labour must be subject to all the laws and principles of trade, and not to regulation foreign to them, and that may be totally inconsistent with those principles and those laws. When any commodity is carried to market, it is not the necessity of the vender, but the necessity of the purchaser that raises the price. The extreme want of the seller has rather (by the nature of things with which we shall in vain contend) the direct contrary operation. If the goods at market are beyond the demand, they fall in their value; if below it, they rise. The impossibility of the subsistence of a man, who carries his labour to a market, is totally beside the question in this way of viewing it. The only question is, what is it worth to the buyer?—*Burke.*

—

SONG.

When morning shot enlivening gleams
Across the sky in lucid streams;
When night roll'd slow in mist away,
And nature's musick hail'd the day,
With bounding heart and cheerful haste
The spangled path I gayly traced;
I gazed upon the prospect round,
I heard the animating sound:
The sound was sweet, the prospect fair;
But, oh! Eliza was not there.

At noon with pensive step I stray'd
Beneath the aromatick shade,
Where gentle gales with fond delay
Among the twining branches play:
There Contemplation rears her throne;
The muses call the shade their own.
Bright was the muse's blooming wreath,
And mild was zephyr's gentle breath;
Refreshing was the balmy air;—
But, oh! Eliza was not there.

'Twas evening's meditative hour,
Suited to fancy's fairy power,
When the fair crescent of the night
Pour'd on the earth her modest light,
I gazed upon the lovely scene,
Calm, solitary and serene,
The solitary scene was fair,
But, oh! Eliza was not there.

Where'er by contemplation borne,
Whether I meet the ray of morn,
Or catch the fragrant breeze of noon,
Or rove beneath the inspiring moon,
Reflection comes to damp my joy
And Hope's enchanted scenes destroy;
Forbids the fleeting bliss to share,
And tells "Eliza is not there."

—

Labour is not only requisite to preserve the coarser organs in a state fit for their functions; but it is equally necessary to these finer and more delicate organs on which, and by which, the imagination and perhaps the other mental powers act. Since it is probable, that not only the inferiour parts of the soul, as the passions are called, but the understanding itself makes use of some fine corporeal instruments in its operation; though what they are, and where they are, may be somewhat hard to settle: but that it does make use of such, appears from hence; that a long exercise of the mental powers induces a remarkable lassitude of the whole body; and on the other hand, that great bodily labour, or pain, weakens and sometimes actually destroys the mental faculties. Now, as a due exercise is essential to the coarse muscular parts of the constitution, and that without this rousing they would become languid and diseased, the very same rule holds with regard to those finer parts we have mentioned; to have them in proper order, they must be shaken and worked to a proper degree.

—

TO THE MOON.

Thou silent moon, that look'st so pale,
So much exhausted, and so faint,
Wandering over hill and dale,
Watching oft the kneeling saint—
Hearing his groans float on the gale—
No wonder thou art tired and pale.

Yet I have often seen thee bring
Thy beams o'er yon bare mountain's steep;
Then, with a smile, their lustre fling
Fall on the dark and roaring deep;
When the pilgrim's heart did fail,
And when near lost the tossing sail.

Sure, that passing blush deceives;
For thou, fair nymph, art chaste and cold!
Love our bosoms seldom leaves;
But thou art of a different mould.

Hail, chaste queen, ! for ever hail!
And, prithee, look not quite so pale!

Yet stay—perhaps thou'st travell'd far,
Exulting in thy conscious light;
Till, as I fear, some youthful Star
Hath spread his charms before thy sight;
And, when he found his arts prevail,
He left thee, sickening, faint, and pale.

—

Loud was the storm; the rattling hail
Beat fast upon my humble shed;
I careless, dreaded not the gale
While on my arm lay Chloe's head.

Rage, furious storm, in vain you rage
To daunt a heart so pure, so true;
Me, softer, gentler scenes engage;
In Chloe's arms, I heed not you.

O Chloe, when thy mild blue eye
Bends its sweet lustre on my gaze;
What dear emotions thrill—I sigh—
And think of love and tell thy praise.

What sweet delight with thee to dwell,
And softly breathe the constant tale,
To see thy snow-white bosom swell,
Thy cheek now blushing and now pale.

Then rage, thou furious storm, in vain
Thy whirlwind's force, thy lightning's glare,
I care not but for love's dear pain,
And blessed with it no dangers fear.

—

The interests of the farmer and labourer are always the same, and it is absolutely impossible that their contracts can be onerous to either party. It is the interest of the farmer that his work should be done with effect and celerity: and that cannot be unless the labourer is well fed, and otherwise found with such necessaries of animal life, according to its habitudes, as may keep the body in full force, and the mind gay and cheerful. For of all the instruments of his trade, the labour of man (what the ancient writers have called the *instrumentum vocale*) is that on which he is most to rely for the repayment of his capital. The other two, the *semivocale* in the ancient classification, that is, the working stock of cattle, and the *instrumentum mutum*, such as carts, ploughs, spades, and so forth, though not all inconsiderable in themselves, are very much inferiour in utility or in expense; or without a given portion of the first are nothing at all. For in all things whatever, the mind is the most valuable and the most important; and in this scale the whole of agriculture is in a natural and just order; the beast is as an informing principle to the plough and cart; the labourer is as reason to the beast; and the farmer is as a thinking and presiding principle to the labourer. An attempt to break this chain of subordination in any part is equally absurd; but the absurdity is the most mischievous in practical operation, where it is the most easy, that is, where it is the most subject to an erroneous judgment.

It is plainly more the farmer's interest that his men should thrive, than that his horses should be well fed, sleek, plump, and fit for use, or than that his waggon and ploughs should be strong, in good repair, and fit for service.

On the other hand, if the farmer ceases to profit of the labourer, and that his capital is not continually manured and fructified, it is impossible that he should continue that abundant nutriment, and clothing, and lodging, proper for the protection of the instruments he employs.

It is therefore the first and fundamental interest of the labourer, that the farmer should have a full incoming profit on the product of his labour. The proposition is self-evident, and nothing but the malignity, perverseness, and ill-governed passions of mankind, and particularly the envy they bear to each other's prosperity, could prevent their seeing and acknowledging it, with thankfulness to the benign and wise disposer of all things, who obliges men, whether they will or not, in pursuing their own selfish interests, to connect the general good with their own individual success.

—

The genial ray of Spring returns,
And April's tender blooms appear;
The joyful heart with rapture burns,
And welcomes in the smiling year.

The sullen gloom of winter past,
And all his train of horrours fled;

Come! let us to the forest haste,
Or on the turf's soft verdure tread.

Haste, let us join yon woodland throng!
And taste of pleasure while we may;
Wander the rural scenes among
And by the pebbly streamlet stray.

For there behold the violet blows;
The yellow wallflower rears its head;
To greet the sense, the blushing rose
Is seen to grace the rural bed.

What bursts of joy along the grove!
All nature joins in choral song;
All nature grateful warms with love,
And pours the various strain along.

Alas! soft tones of grief I hear!
The train so late with pleasure gay,
In solemn sadness drops the tear,
And pensive take their gloomy way.

For one they mourn, who lately known
In health's full pride, her friends' delight:
Beheld the Spring's young flowrets blown,
And, ere they faded, sunk in night.

The blast of death is on the plain,
The aged oak defies its power,
The blast of death blows not in vain,
And prostrate lies the tender flower.

Behold in yon sequestered vale,
There rests a nymph by all adored;
Her name is wafted on the gale;
Her various worth by all deplored.

—

RONDEAU. (Dans vôtre lit.)

Where Delia sleeps, no cares invade
The bosom of the gentle maid;
Dissolved in peaceful luxury,
She never turns a thought on me:
While love distracts my throbbing breast,
And vainly wishes to be blest
Where Delia sleeps.

But all my hopes and sighs are wind;
For she, still cruel, still unkind,
With cold neglect my suit returns,
Nor heeds how fiercely Hafez burns.
Relent, dear maid, and let me prove
The constant ardour of my love
Where Delia sleeps

—

Italian Geographers.

"Father, perhaps you never were at Paris?"

"Never in my whole life," answered father Mulo.

"Nor at Moscow, neither," added the Surgeon.

"No, never, though I have heard a good deal about Muscovy, particularly of late; some people tell me it is larger than Naples. What is your opinion? which do you believe to be the largest city, Naples or Muscovy? said father Mulo.

"Why I should think Naples the most populous," answered the Surgeon, "though Muscovy stands upon rather more ground."

"I had some suspicion of that kind myself," replied father Mulo.

—

Give me, my girl, thy warmest kiss
And let my heart be pressed to thine,
Thy azure eye adds waking bliss,
And in thy arms delight is mine.

O let my wandering hands essay
To press thy swelling snowy breast,
Around thine angel form to stray,
While love is fired and I am blest.

What is the world, its nonsense all?
When Chloe tempts with blooming charms;
She can alone my heart enthral,
Tis she alone my bosom warms.

In anger or in pity, sure
The gods, my love, have sent thee here;
None can thy killing scorn endure,
And blest with thee, all heaven is near.

—

Laws prescribing, or magistrates exercising a very stiff, and often inapplicable rule, or a blind and rash discretion, never can provide the just proportions between earning and salary on the one hand, and nutriment on the other: whereas interest, habit, and the tacit convention, that arise from a thousand nameless circumstances, produce a *tact* that regulates without difficulty, what laws and magistrates cannot regulate at all.

—

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO HER WHO ALONE CAN UNDERSTAND THEM.

OH! we have met—again thine eye
Has pour'd its radiance on my heart;
Again thy voice's melody
Has bid each trembling fibre start.

Yes, we have met—again I've felt
My pulses throb with rapture's tide;
My heart beat strong—my breath subside,
My soul in fond delirium melt.

But while I gazed upon thy face,
And hear'd thy voice, and touch'd thy hand,
Not one emotion could I trace
Of all that flattering hope had plann'd:

No crimson flush'd across thy cheek,
No pleasure lighten'd in thine eye,
Nor did one hesitating sigh
Thy bosom's dear confusion speak.

No—the presumptuous hope was vain,
By fond delusive fancy taught;
That, absent, *I* could give *thee* pain,
Or, present, claim one tender thought.

Tis past—the reign of hope is o'er:
Farewell the dear enchanting theme,
Farewell to fancy's glittering dream;
For these I strike the lyre no more.

No more shall these thy peace invade,
Silent, alone, I'll muse on thee,
Till on my voice thy name shall fade,
And life's last struggle set me free.

—

A French lady distinguished for wit, having remarked the ingenuity of a footman belonging to a man of high quality, who was as ugly and stupid as his servant was the reverse, said, "*Il faut avouer que la Nature n'est pas Aristocrate.*"—If Nature has been partial to Democracy, it must be confessed, however, that the democrats of France, have been most ungrateful to Nature, by violating all her laws, and wounding all her feelings.

—

France has been renowned for politeness, before all traces of politeness, as well as humanity, were banished from the nation. I have heard it remarked, however, by some who have had opportunities of comparing the characters of the various nations of Europe, that though Frenchmen were more polite than their neighbours by art, yet they were less so by nature, owing to an impetuosity of temperament, which, on the shadow of provocation, makes them forget restraints of every kind, and hurries them into imprudencies and difficulties, from which even submission and adulation cannot extricate them.

MERRIMENT.

A very awkward squire, being obliged to mount a horse rather higher than he had been accustomed to ride, exclaimed, while putting his foot in the stirrup, "Jupiter, assist me;" in saying this he made so violent an effort that he fell over on the contrary side. "Oh! Jupiter," said he, "you gave me more assistance than I asked."

—

A countryman once took a fancy to hear the Latin disputes of doctors at the university. He was asked, what pleasure he could derive from viewing such combatants, when he could not even know which of the parties had the better? "For that matter," he replied, "I am not such a fool, but I can see who is the first to put the other in a passion."

—

A clergyman, who had received an invitation to spend a fortnight with a friend in the country, found, to his great surprise, he had brought but one sermon with him. The distance was too great to send for another, as he did not discover the neglect until the second Sunday morning, of course, it was in vain then to attempt composing a new one. He, therefore, ascended the pulpit with the usual dignity, and before he gave out his text, thus addressed his auditors: "Having been informed the sermon I preached last Sunday was judged exceptionable by some very respectable inhabitants, I think it my duty to show that they misinterpreted my doctrine, by repeating it word for word. I beg your most serious attention."

—

It is a well known custom in England, to give to the servants of the nobleman at whose house you dine; or, indeed the sum you are obliged to give is generally according to the quality of the master. An officer having frequently given more than the worth of his dinner, when he dined with a certain duke, one day requested a list of his servant's names. The duke, astonished at such a request, wished to know his motive. "Why really," replied the officer, "as I cannot *now* afford to pay for the many good dinners I make at your table, I wish to

know your servants' names, that I may remember them in my will."

—

The love of christian names by the Spaniards has frequently been an object of ridicule. A Spaniard on his travels, arrived in the night at a little village in France, in which there was but one hotel. As it was almost midnight, he knocked at the door a long while without hearing any one stir. At length the host putting his head out of his chamber window, asked who was there. The Spaniard replied, "Don Juan, Pedro, Hermandez, Rodriguez, Alvarez de Villa-nova, Count de Malafra, Cavellero de Santiagog d' Alcantara." "Mercy on me!" said the host, as he shut the window, "I have but two spare beds, and do you ask me lodging for a score?"

—

A French dancing-master asked one of his friends, if it was really true that Harley was made Count of Oxford, and Chief Treasurer of England. On being answered in the affirmative, "That amazes me," said he, "what merit can the queen have found in this Harley? for my part, I have had him under my hands these two years, and cannot make any thing of him."

—

A Frenchman having frequently heard the word *press* made use of to imply *persuade*, as "press that gentleman to take some refreshment," "press him to stay tonight;" thought he would show his talents by using (what he imagined) a synonimous term; and therefore made no scruple one evening to cry out in company, "pray *squeeze* that lady to sing."

—

A Lacedemonian having fallen in in battle, his conqueror aimed a blow at his back. Wounded and weak as he was, he made an effort to turn himself; "strike me before;" he cried, "that my friends may not blush for me after my death."

—

A man much addicted to drinking, being extremely ill with a fever, a consultation was held in his bed-chamber by three physicians, how to "cure the fever, and abate the thirst." "Gentlemen," said he, "I will take half the trouble off your hands; you cure the *fever*, and I will abate the *thirst* myself."

—

Some young officers had indulged one night a little too freely in a social glass, and (as is the usual consequence of intemperance) had likewise given their tongues rather more liberty than propriety could authorize, having spoken very disrespectfully of their general. Being overheard, and the general having been told of their different reflections on him, he made them appear before him the next morning, and asked them if what he had heard was true. "No doubt of the truth of it," replied one, "and its very probable we should have said much more, if the wine had lasted any longer."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

TO MARY.

By Lucas George.

I have a secret tale to tell,
  But cannot, must not, now reveal it;
Yet still I think 'tis known too well,
  The more I'm anxious to conceal it.

Whene'er I strive to make it known,
  Thy awful presence makes me waver;
Swift from my mind all thoughts are gone,
  But those that would preserve thy favour

Shall I declare it, Mary dear?
  Say, will not those sweet lips reprove me?
Will not those features frown severe,
  When I have told how much I love thee?

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